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(NEW YORK), 1651.

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A

HAND-BOOK

FOR

GREEN - WOOD,

BY

N. CLEVELAND.



New York:

E. B. TRIPP, PRINTER,

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1873.





## NOTICE.

THE want of a printed guide for the Greenwood Cemetery has long been felt. It is hoped that this little Manual will do something toward supplying it. It simply aims to point out the objects of greatest attraction—to aid the visitor in finding them,—and, by brief explanations and remarks, as occasion seems to call for them, to gratify a curiosity which is natural, and to enhance, in some degree, the interest of the place.



## HOW TO REACH GREEN-WOOD.



PERSONS going to Green-Wood from New York, will find the route by the Hamilton Ferry to be the best. The New York terminus of this ferry adjoins that of the South Ferry. The landing in Brooklyn is about two miles from the northern entrance.

For those who prefer to take Brooklyn on the way, or to avoid the crowds in Broadway, the Catharine Ferry is most direct. From that ferry, Green-Wood may be reached by driving to South Brooklyn, and thence to the Third Avenue; or through Fulton Street and Avenue to the Fourth Avenue, which runs within one block of the western side of the Cemetery.

The Hamilton and the Fulton Ferries are recommended to all those who intend to take

the horse cars. From these ferries a car starts with every boat.

Carriages stand near the outer gate of the Northern Entrance, which, under license from the Comptroller, convey visitors through the ground. The drivers are civil and intelligent, —the prices uniform and reasonable. A printed card, giving the rates of fare and the regulations for the hack-men, is posted conspicuously in each carriage.

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

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IT is not easy to decide how Green-Wood can best be seen at a single visit. It would not be difficult to mark out a route that could be quickly accomplished—such a route, for instance, as the hack-drivers are wont to take. A drive like this will give, indeed, some idea of the Cemetery, and must content those who have time for no more. Even to those who can take only this little round, the Hand-book will be useful—as it will be easy, by means of its index, to find some account of every locality and object, to which their attention will be called. The narrations and explanations, which one gets from the coach-box, though seemingly stereotyped, are not always authentic.

The tour given in this Hand-book is longer, and will take considerable time. It aims at

giving a good knowledge of the Cemetery. Those who follow it faithfully, will see a large part of what is most interesting and most important in Green-Wood. It may be accomplished in a single effort. Still the result will be most complete and satisfactory, when more than one day is devoted to the object; or the time occupied can be abridged, more or less, by omitting portions of the route. There will be no difficulty in determining the part to leave out, if the visitor knows what it is that he most wishes to see.

To all who think of using this guide-book and its route, we recommend a careful inspection of the map. The name of an avenue or of a path—of ridge, hill, or dell—may not readily arrest the eye. But a section, notwithstanding the irregular numbering, can be found at once. No one who remembers this, ought to be long at a loss, either in studying the chart, or in exploring the ground.

The irregularity noticeable in the section numbers is due mainly to the fact, that Green-Wood has grown to its present size by successive additions. To change the numbers now, by the adoption of a regular system for the entire ground, would bring confusion and perplexity into all the records of the institution. The anomaly however is not so great as, at first, it seems.

Number *One*, for instance, is on the southern border, about midway between the Western and the Southern Entrance—being the lowest in a tier of six sections. Number seven adjoins number six, and this tier reaches down to the Fifth Avenue. Three tiers more, having the same eastern and western boundaries, carry us to number fifty. Fifty-one is a step higher, and there are four tiers of this class, ending at the top, with ninety-eight, which forms the western end of Ocean Hill.

The next row begins one step higher, and counts from ninety-nine to one hundred and ten, with section O at the foot.

One hundred and eleven, (111) is on Battle Hill, and this short tier ends with one hundred and nineteen at Ocean Hill.

The remaining numbers, on this eastern side of the Cemetery, are one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-seven. Sections one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty-six are, for the present, alphabetically named, by the letters A. to J.

One hundred and thirty-seven (137) is in the retreating angle at the eastern end of Ocean Hill, and the numbers, till you reach one hundred and seventy-five, run regularly up and down, from left to right. Beyond this there seems to have been some disturbing force, and the figures skip about in a very erratic way.



So much in regard to a sectional study of the map. Scrutinize it now with more care, and you will discover in nearly every section, a small cross. This cross indicates the precise position on the ground of a low iron block, which bears the number of the section—and which, in this guide-book, we have called the section-post.

In no part of the ground can it require a long search to find one of these land-marks. This done, a reference to the map, shows at once, exactly where you are. In addition to this, you have the names of all the avenues and paths, clearly and conspicuously displayed upon the frequent guide-posts.

The stranger in Green-Wood, who attempts to make his way over it without guide or clue, is quite likely to find it a labyrinthine maze. But let him pay due heed to the hints just given, and he may thread its multitudinous avenues and paths easily and fearlessly.

While we allow that those who merely ride or drive through the principal avenues, may see and may enjoy much, it is still true that the pedestrian alone becomes acquainted with Green-Wood. He only finds the cross-roads—climbs the hills—dives into the dells—and wanders, at will, through scores of sequestered and leafy paths. Among the hundred and sixty-five thousand graves in this Cemetery, there is many a monument, beautiful or queer—many an epitaph, appropriate or absurd, touching or laughable—many a memorial of true love and grief, as well as of harmless vanity and aping fashion—which the great majority of visitors never see, and know nothing of. We would advise those who have the leisure for it, to take one part at a time. Fix on a certain portion of the ground for the extent of a single ramble, and explore it thoroughly with your guide-book and Map. A few visits made in this way will accomplish the whole, easily, satisfactorily, yes, delightfully.

As you pass over these undulating and highly diversified grounds, let me call your attention to the important fact that the grading of the land is all done by the managers of the institution;—that the ground receives its final shape before the lots are sold, and that no subsequent alteration of the surface, is allowed. In this respect, Green-Wood differs—and favorably differs—from some other celebrated and beautiful cemeteries of the rural class. You can easily see how greatly its beauty would be marred, if its hundreds of knolls and dells, with their curving and graceful outlines, should be flattened and excavated—terraced and broken—straightened and stiffened—to suit the various tastes and fancies of the different owners. In perfecting this feature of Green-Wood, art has lent its aid to nature. Those who have not watched the long and skillful and patient operation—the scooping and the rounding—the taking out and the filling in—the digging down and the heaping up—can hardly imagine

how much has been done in the way of shaping and improving the contour of these grounds.

Another feature of Green-Wood,—distinguishing it, I believe, from all other cemeteries,—consists in the larger number of circular, elliptical, and triangular inclosures, which add so much to the variety and general effect. Had the ground been entirely level, all its lots would have been parallelograms. Such an arrangement would have been more economical, but not nearly so picturesque.

Through an outer gate-way on the Avenue, you enter what may be called the vestibule of GREEN-WOOD,—already constituting no mean approach to the main entrance, and destined, as the years advance, to become far more shady, more beautiful, more impressive.

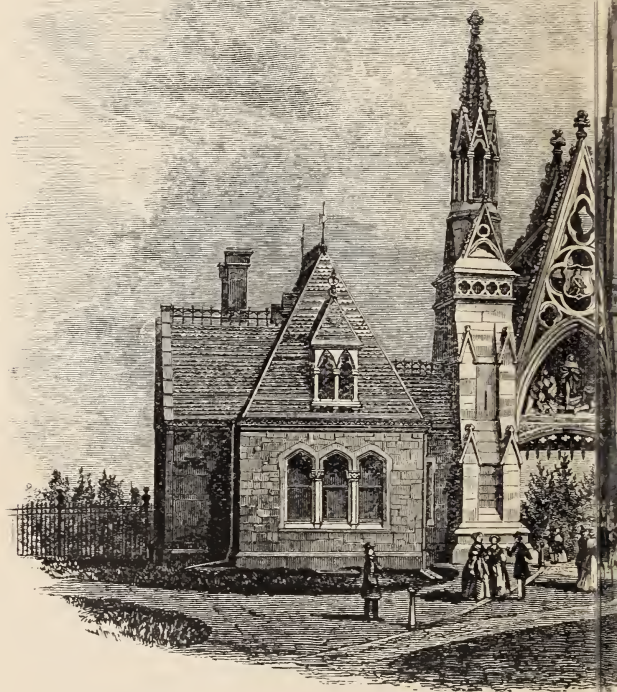
At a proper distance from the edifice, pause



*Outer Gate, Northern Entrance.*







Norther En

(FROM THE





Entrance.

(WITHIN.)



for a moment of careful survey. That it belongs to the Gothic style, all will see. That it is a pure and noble specimen of the order will be evident to those who have made architecture a study. Tastes differ and will always differ. To my mind, the style adopted here, is the style of building best adapted to the place. Its associations, as suggested by this grand and solemn portal, seem to me every-way congenial with the character and uses of the ground. In its origin the Gothic is not only religious but Christian. Its whole history has entwined it with ideas of reverence and worship,—with all that faith can impart of hope, and consolation, and strength, amid the bereavements of life, and the certainty of dissolution.

Contemplate the pile. You cannot fail to mark the impressive aspect of its general outline—the variety and beauty of its detail—the harmonious character of the whole. There is

no need of calling your attention to the arches, gables, towers;—the pinnacles and the springing buttresses of the central structure; to the neat and commodious offices on one side, or to the elegant little resting-room upon the other side. Keep it in your eye, until you see and feel the richness of the tracery. Note the panels, high above the gate-ways, with allegorical figures in strong relief upon their shields. Note, especially, the sculptured groups, which occupy the large triangular spaces below.

In the left-hand group, as we look at the building from the western side, Jesus is seen, restoring the widow's son to life. Upon the right is the scene of his own entombment. The raising of Lazarus and the resurrection of our Lord, are the subjects presented upon the other side of the gate. The success of this work may not strike you as equal throughout. But in each of these groups there are figures which will reward a careful inspection. Mark the

different postures and expression, and see with what fidelity and power,—grief and anxiety, wonder and terror, are here portrayed in stone. None can doubt that the memories and the associations, which the sight of these objects will awaken, are highly appropriate to such a vestibule.

The material employed for these figures is the beautifully tinted Nova-Scotia sandstone. The credit of the work—both in conception and execution—is due to Mr. John Moffit, a young artist of more than common talent. Nor should the architect of this noble edifice be overlooked. The designs, not only for the structure before us, but for all the buildings erected by the corporation since the opening of the Cemetery, have been furnished by Richard Upjohn, or by his son of the same name.

By reference to the map you will perceive the position and character of the other struc-

tures standing on the east of the gate-way: namely, the Porter's Lodge, the Stable, Tool-room, and Store-house, as also, the residence of the Superintendent of Interments, MR. WILLIAM SCRIMGEOUR, whose connection with the Cemetery dates from its beginning.

Let us now set out upon our little tour turning, in the first place, to the right, by LANDSCAPE AVENUE. The beautiful knoll upon our right, which extends to the Fifth Avenue, has not been long graded, and is yet unsold. There is no choicer spot in all the ground.

At the foot of this slope was the original entrance, and there stood the first structures erected in these grounds,—gate—lodge—bell-tower—cottage,—all in rustic style. Yet, simple and inexpensive as they were, they possessed a charm, which still secures to them a place in our memory and affections.





*The Keeper*

ERECTED IN 1843, ENLARGED





*Mr's Lodge.*

IN 1845, AND REMOVED IN 1862.



Taking the first left hand turn, we are in SYCAMORE AVENUE. A monument on the left, bears the name of DIXON H. LEWIS.

Mr. Lewis was, for many years, a representative in Congress from Alabama, being a senator at the time of his death. He was well known as the "stout gentleman," who by the courtesy of the House, and from actual necessity, occupied two seats. As a statesman, Mr. Lewis was able and useful—as a man, good humored, kind, frank and sincere. His burial here is due to the fact, that he happened to die in New York, and that he had previously expressed his admiration of Green-Wood.

On the other side is the monument of the benevolent JOHN B. GRAHAM, and beyond and below is ARBOR WATER, one of the smallest and one of the prettiest of the Green-Wood lakelets. In plain sight, upon WILLOW AVENUE and Arbor Water, is the large RECEIVING TOMB

of the Cemetery. This Tomb has in front, a deep open vestibule, where funeral services are sometimes performed, when the weather makes such shelter desirable. The door admits you to a spacious aisle, with vaulted apartments on each side. These apartments contain the horizontal cells in which the coffins are placed. "They are, as nearly as possible, air-tight receptacles, closed when in use and hermetically sealed." Every cell is numbered, and each inserted coffin bears a metallic tally corresponding with the number of the cell. There are three hundred and sixty-one of these cells.

An enlargement of the Tomb, on the south side, is now in progress, which will furnish accommodation for seven hundred and fifty bodies more.

These catacombs, it hardly needs be said, are not intended as places of permanent deposit. From various causes the instances in which a temporary accommodation is wanted, are quite





*Receiving Tombs*



*Arber Water*





frequent, and this subterraneous caravansary never lacks guests. Its internal regulations and arrangements are all in keeping with the whole character of this well managed institution. Were it a hospital for the living, instead of a transient asylum for the dead, it could hardly be more neatly kept, more perfectly aired, or more carefully disinfected.

Ascending now the steep bluff, by means of Sycamore Avenue, we pass, on the left, several neat vault-fronts of recent erection, one of which has the name of MIGUEL DE ALDAMA, an exiled Cuban. Higher up is SAMUEL BOWNE's obelisk of dark, polished granite. Tapering upward, in a series of slight but graceful curves, this structure is an agreeable deviation from the usual stiffness and monotony of this oft-repeated monumental form. Now, turning to the left in Bay Side Avenue, pass by SCHENK, an altar-formed monument with decorated panels and escutcheon—by GRIFFIN, a bust, remarkable

not only for the sweet expression of the face, but for a peculiar effect of the declining sunlight as it shines through the veil of translucent marble,—still along Bay Side Avenue, under and around BAY GROVE HILL—taking care not to lose the charming picture spread out below and beyond you on the left.

Here you are in BAY SIDE DELL. Its outer circle is lined with vaults, and Green-Wood has very few older tomb-fronts than those of Cairns, Davie, Johnston, and others. But your eye will fasten at once on the imposing form of DE WITT CLINTON. This statue of a truly great man claims more than a transient glance. Take your position somewhere in Sweetser's plot among the marble vases. A colossal form should be looked at from a little distance. A short contemplation of the figure before us, will well repay you. You may safely accept it as a truthful and worthy presentation of the man. We will not suppose you, good

friend, so green as to know nothing of the history and merits of De Witt Clinton. We are not going to tell here what he accomplished. It is enough to remind you that the great Erie Canal owes its existence to his sagacity and his energy. That canal is, indeed, his best monument. Now go close up and study the bronze tablets on the side of the pedestal. Do not leave them till their whole significance is distinctly seen. "On one side you see the canal in progress—the survey, the excavation, the teams, etc. Upon the other side the canal is in full operation. The bustling scene around the boats and the dock is happily contrasted with the idle group of Indians, who seem to be looking in sadness on the enterprise, before which they and their bark canoes are fast fading away."

This fine statue is the work of Henry K. Brown, and has the honor of being the first really successful casting of bronze in the statu-

ary line made in America. The cost (about \$15,000) was defrayed, in part, by private subscription, and, in part, by Green-Wood Cemetery. The remains of the illustrious statesman rest below.

From Bay Side Dell cross over to BATTLE AVENUE by the aid of SYRINGA PATH, and meet your carriage at the junction of BATTLE and BAY VIEW. Thus walking you pass in sight of JOHNSON and HALSTED's twin-pillared monument—of the Rev. CHARLES C. BOTEFORD and the Rev. J. F. Cox—of the “Equestrian” SPENCER's collection of marbles, and the Tuscan PASTACALDI's interesting group. In BATTLE AVENUE, turn to the left, and on your left mark the brown-stone memorial of COLONEL CHARLES, who fell in the war of the Rebellion—MORA's polished granite cross, and the tomb and statuary of JAMES W. GERARD. Now to the right in BAY VIEW AVENUE, and stop for a moment before the resting-place of the well-

known pianist and composer, LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK. In the angel and its book—the glazed case of bead-work—and the box-planted area—read the evidences of sisterly love and sorrow.

Still on and up through BAY VIEW to BATTLE AVENUE, and now, leaving DENIKE and LAMBERT on your right, step over to JOHN ANDERSON'S sepulchral home. This is an imitation, in little, of an Ionic amphiprostyle temple. Its heavy masses of Quincy stone are put together in a compact and thorough manner, and will stand for ages. Marble statues of the Evangelists occupy the four niches of this structure. The material is not the finest, but the work is good, and came from the studio of Mr. Moffit. Study them a little, and see if you can distinguish Matthew from Mark—Luke from John. The cost of the edifice was \$25,000; the name of its proprietor is familiar to countless smokers

and chewers: the builder was William Pitbladdo.

Again eastwardly and upward by BATTLE AVENUE, and past VERDANT and WARRIOR PATHS, to the summit of BATTLE HILL. Fierce names these for the peaceful abode of the dead. But the scene has not been always peaceful. This very spot was once, at least, disturbed by the noise and smoke of musketry and cannon—by shouts, and groans and carnage. From trees which stood where we stand, American sharp-shooters took deadly aim at British Officers, and were, themselves, in turn brought down. For details of the battle of Brooklyn, fought August 27, 1776,—so far as relates to the fight near Gowanus Bay, and the operations of Lord Stirling and General Grant,—I must refer you to the History of Green-Wood, lately published.\*

Here, upon our left, stands the granite monu-

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\*The Work can be obtained at either of the Cemetery Offices.

ment of THEODORE HASLEHURST, who fell in the second engagement at Bull Run. Beyond Haslehurst is the pleasing memorial of "Our Fred." The little school-boy is a well executed figure in high relief. And near this, is a tree-trunk imitated in white marble. Upon it leans a cross, and the whole is over-spread with sculptured vines and flowers. You may see this device repeated again and again as you traverse these grounds, and each time, probably, with diminished gratification. Simplicity and truth in art are the qualities which please us best and longest. Nearly opposite is BATCHELDER's Gate—a remarkable work, made to be looked at only from without. A little to the left, also, upon Warrior Path, you can see the tall column, which commemorates the name of COLONEL ABRAHAM S. VOSBURGH, one of our earliest martyrs in the war of the Rebellion.

— Your eye will not fail to rest, for an instant, on GORDON W. BURNHAM's large circle, with its

massive curb, its tall and well-wrought central shaft—and the allegorical statue on its summit;—all finely executed by Moffit in imperishable granite.

From FERN AVENUE let us ascend THE PLATEAU, and taking a seat on the solid and convenient roof of DURANT's Tomb, look around. Conspicuous among the objects near at hand, is this tall, round white column, with dark, metallic capital and festooned bands. It was erected by the corporation of New York, professedly, in honor of those volunteer soldiers who fell in the late war. Like some other works of that famous body, it is, as you may perceive, unfinished. On the western edge of the PLATEAU rise the monuments of WOODRUFF, EARLE, SMITH and CLARK. On the east, we have EXOS' red granite column, ERVING's light-colored granite, LARMANDE's bronze relieve bust, and hooks for mourning wreaths, MILLER, DUNN, and others.

A little further east the ground rises some-



what higher. Let us stand for one moment on this, the loftiest spot in the Cemetery. No where else can you see so much, or look so far. On the western side, the eye, starting from the low New Jersey shore, reaches back to the Highlands as they fade away in the azure distance, and blend with the dim horizon. On the other side, stretches far away the coast of Long Island, and the boundless Ocean. Nearer, and just below us are the green slopes of Staten Island—the little bay of Gowanus, and the beautiful harbor, reaching from the Narrows to the Battery, covered and animated with every species of vessel that moves by oar, or sail, or paddle, or screw-blade; craft of all sizes, from shells and wherries to the great leviathans of commerce, and the mighty warship,—bound for, or come from, every port on the globe.

And here right before us spreads out the vast City, with its million of human beings. What concentration of busy life—what tumult-

tuous whirl and roar are there! A short hour ago, perhaps, you were looking on that scene—felt its feverish excitement—formed a part of its ever-hurrying throng.

Here also you are in the midst of a multitude—the vast concourse of the dead. Could contrast show itself in stronger colors! Here are feet which once trod that well-worn pavement,—hearts which throbbed as thousands still throb in the strife for gain, or in the chase of pleasure,—and heads which used to toil and ache as ours yet ache and toil. Those restless feet—those bounding pulses—those anxious brains—how still they lie below us now! But have they not a voice? Let us tread softly here, and listen as we go.

A few steps taken in ORCHARD PATH, will place you before the monument of GRIFFITH B. THOMAS—a well executed piece of sculpture. It is a more questionable taste which dictated the metallic sarcophagus in the same plot.

As you return to Burnham, look into DURANT'S spacious vault, where you will see burnished columns—marble statues—and two angelic forms holding a crown. In case the sun is shining at the time, these figures will seem to be illumined by some supernal and mysterious glory.

Again we are in BATTLE AVENUE, passing near the PILOT'S monument with its marine emblems—by SEYMOUR'S plot, full of sculptured headstones, by the large, granite, globe-crowned pillar of EDWARDS,—to ATLANTIC AVENUE. C. GRIFFITH'S lot, delineated on the map, is near the junction, and its small monument is one of the attractions of these attractive grounds. It is an attempt to depict in stone a little scene of domestic life. There is a modest house-front. Mr. Griffith has just come out, and, with coat on arm, has reached the sidewalk, evidently bound for the Sixth Avenue horse-car, which is visible in the distance. His affectionate Jane,

stands on the lowest door-step uttering her fond farewell.

Now go west by ATLANTIC to HIGHLAND AVENUE, by STURTEVANT, GOADBY, HOPPOCK and VAN WAGENEN, and by the grave of one who served his country on the sea, CAPTAIN JAMES T. LEONARD of the Navy. Not far to the right, upon HIGHLAND AVENUE, are several lowly graves, one of which has a small headstone, while the others are designated by boards. Twenty-three years ago the tenants of this now neglected spot, having lost their lives in the public service, during our war with Mexico, were brought to New York, and were buried with all the pomp of civic and military display. A distinguished civilian, and two Doctors in Divinity, pronounced funeral orations over the brave departed. Was that imposing pageant the mark of real respect and regard? Were those eulogies sincere? Why then does no hedge or paling designate and guard the



"Canda."



ground?—no stone preserve the record of their names and deeds? Their *names*, at least, this page shall give. COLONEL CHARLES BAXTER; CAPTAIN BARCLAY; LIEUTENANTS GALLAGHER, KLEINE, FLOYD, BOYLE and ALEXANDER S. FORBES.\*

Here, on the right, is the large round plot of DAVID LEAVITT. It has recently been surrounded by a massive curb, and dignified by an imposing central monument of the polished Scotch granite.

Turning at section-post 107, walk a little way up BATTLE AVENUE, and give a moment to the monument which has just been placed over the vault of JAMES GORDON BENNETT. Here, an angel holds, fondly and gracefully, a little angel newly fledged. The bereaved mother kneels below. The design is tasteful and

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\* The remains of Captain Pearson and Lieutenant Chandler have been removed by friends into private lots, and their places filled by members of the regiment who have since died.

the execution very fine. It almost grieves us to see such material and such work subjected to atmospheric influences so malign as ours.

From HIGHLAND AVENUE, turn again into BATTLE AVENUE, at section-post 91. The large plot enclosed by an evergreen hedge is owned by the family of MR. BENJAMIN L. SWAN. Mr. Swan was for many years one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Bible Society, and actively engaged in promoting its interests.

Follow BATTLE AVENUE, as it skirts the base of Chestnut Hill, and until it meets GREENBOUGH AVENUE, or reach that point more agreeably by means of MOSS-BANK PATH. Here is the monument of CHARLOTTE CANDA. Among the numerous objects of attraction in Greenwood, this structure was for many years "the observed of all observers." Nor is this strange. The unique appearance of the monument and



its surroundings—the richness and variety of its sculpture—the minuteness and elaborate finish of its innumerable details, together with its lavish cost—excited wonder even more than admiration. New monuments and structures not less costly than the Canda mausoleum, are getting to be common in the Cemetery, and this marvel of other days has lost something of its importance.

M. Canda was a native of France. He was an officer in the army of Napoleon, and after Waterloo, came to the United States. Here he married a French Lady, and with her coöperation opened in New York a school for young ladies, which became very successful. Charlotte, their only child, had grown into womanhood, admired by all for her attainments and accomplishments—beloved by all for her sweetness and goodness. In the evening of her seventeenth birthday, (February 3, 1845,) “as she was returning with her father from the festive

enjoyments of a small party of friends, they stopped upon the way to leave a young companion. Mr. Canda attended the lady to the door, his daughter remaining in the carriage. During this brief absence, the driver, who was standing on the sidewalk, dropped his reins for an instant, and the horses suddenly started off. As the carriage turned into Broadway, Miss Canda fell through the open door, so that the back of her head struck the pavement. She was taken up insensible, conveyed to a hotel near, and soon expired."

In this blight of their fondest affections and hopes, the bereaved parents found a partial solace in the erection and adornment of this remarkable memorial. "The idea of this monument, in its general outline and essential features, was conceived and sketched by Miss Canda herself. It was meant as a tribute to a beloved aunt, whose death occurred a few months before her own. To carry out her own happy

thought—to enrich it with the utmost variety and elegance of detail—to place around her, in death, the roses, the flowers, the buds which she loved, and the wreaths, which in life so often adorned her; more than all, to blend with this story of deepest grief, the emblems of that christian faith and hope, which their daughter cherished, and which were their own best comfort, was long the sad pleasure of her mourning parents.

If the visitor can spare a few minutes to examine this extraordinary piece of work, he will find no part of it without some special significance. The statue in the niche, was meant for a likeness, though it bears only a tolerable resemblance to Miss Canda. Roses and ivy, the lily and the jessamine, hang in profusion from the mouldings and pendentives of the arches. The cypher “C.C.” upon the shield is formed of seventeen rose-buds. Mingled with lilies, among the terminal ornaments of the centre-

piece, you see the palm and the acanthus. Those two buttresses are just seventeen feet high. Each finial of the sixteen gablets on the lateral façades is a bunch of flowers, and each bunch has seventeen roses.

An oblong space in front of the statue and immediately over the vault, is surrounded by a balustrade, and forms a sort of *parvis* or porch to the monument. A monumental slab occupies the middle of this space, having at its head an urn, with books and instruments of music and of drawing, scattered around. Above the pilasters outside, and upon the rose and jessamine branches, which adorn the frieze of the balustrade, you may see perched the little birds which were so dear to the once fair tenant of this tomb. These fleurs-de-lys upon the panels proclaim her French descent. The butterfly above the cloud, and repeated elsewhere, betokens the soul, released and ascending. Each one of the four tripods which you see, all cov-

ered with floral offerings, employed a skillful workman many months, and would alone be elsewhere a rich monument. Those winged figures on the granite blocks, "may be regarded as guardian angels waiting to convey the liberated soul to the abodes of the blessed." Even the iron railing is flowery, and, better still, real roses and living forget-me-nots, are carefully cherished within.

Although such portions of the structure and appendages as can be covered by boxing, have had this protection in the winter-time, we have seen blackness gradually spread over the once spotless marble, until its beauty was sadly marred. It has, indeed, been thoroughly cleaned and renewed. But the thought will intrude that the day is not very distant, when a care so expensive must cease to be exercised. The probable aspect, thirty years hence, not only of the Canda Mausoleum, but of much other sculptured and costly marble in the Cemetery, is not

a pleasant contemplation. Bronze, granite, sandstone may look plain and homely beside the snow-white statue fresh from the artist's hands. Would it not be wise to consider how they are likely to compare, when twenty of our northern winters shall have passed over them?

The headstone directly before the gate has a poetic inscription which was written for it. As one-half of the epitaph is on the further side, we repeat it here.

So vanishes that meteor fair,  
The morning cloud in empty air;  
So flits on vapory wing away,  
The diamond dew-drop from the spray;  
So fades—so falls—the opening rose,  
Snapped, timelessly, before it blows;  
So sinks from sight, eve's golden star,  
Lost in the watery depths afar.  
Yet still does the bright planet burn;  
Not hopeless is our Charlotte's urn;  
In God's own morn her orb will rise,  
Once more—a Star of Paradise.

Before you turn into Green-bough Avenue, notice the tomb-front with a winged globe,

the resting-place of CHESTER JENNINGS, long and well known as landlord of the City Hotel in New York. In GREEN-BOUGH, you will pass the round lot of G. BRODIE, with its marble obelisk (see map) and may see in the rear the fine tomb of JASPER GROSVENOR.

NOW by ORR, COOKE, DOUGLASS and ELIZA WILLIAMS' monumental angel, till we come again into ATLANTIC AVENUE, and leaving MULBERRY HILL and MEADOW AVENUE on our right, pass up by MEADOW HILL. In an oval lot on this mound, stands, half hidden by the foliage, a bronze statue, the work of HENRY K. BROWN. In this expressive form we may fancy an embodiment of christian faith. It will bear examination, and should be looked at from every side. This monument is commemorative of WILLIAM SATTERLEE PACKER, whose widow, carrying out the unfulfilled purpose of her husband, endowed the Packer Institute in Brooklyn, and thus made the name a praise for all coming time.

Still along Atlantic Avenue by MATTHEW MORGAN's long, family-row of sepulchral homes, which we leave on our left, and by TWILIGHT DELL, which lies below us on the right, we come to GRASSY PATH, on which stands the tall granite shaft of HERMAN THORN. Mr. Thorn lived long in Paris, but spent his last years in New York. In both cities he was well-known as a man of large means and large expense—a leader in the circles of elegant fashion.

Upon the left, as we proceed, and stretching westward almost to the outer boundary of the ground, rises the HILL OF GRAVES. Of several tracts in Green-Wood, which have been successively set apart for those who apply, not for lots, but for graves only, this is the largest, and large as it is, it is nearly all occupied. You will acknowledge, I think, that there is something peculiarly impressive in those long rows of grassy mounds, so regularly and thickly set. Specially touching is the aspect of



those shorter heaps which tell us how many are cut off in the very morning of life. These unshaded, undecorated, monotonous plantations of the great reaper, may have but small attraction for the visitor, in this pleasant Cemetery. But many a mourner is seen lingering there, and evidences not a few, of love and grief—humble indeed, but none the less sincere—are to be found among those grassy mounds.

THE SOLDIERS' LOT which lies next upon our left, is ground appropriated by the Directors in 1862, for the gratuitous interment of any New York soldiers, who should die in their country's service, during the war then raging. As compared with the whole number of such deaths, the interments made here were very few.

The generous offer of the Cemetery Governors, did not happen to chime exactly with the tactics and peculiar patriotism of the men

who governed the City of New York, in those memorable years of trial and of sacrifice.

From section-post 103 to CENTRAL AVENUE, by the REV. JOHN GRAY's altar-formed monument, turning to the right in CENTRAL, by the ground of PETER HOEFT, and by the crosses in WEAVER's plot, till you reach DELL AVENUE. Here CHAUNCEY's large octagonal structure will claim a passing notice. Before descending into FOREST DELL, look at the small headstone on your left, which marks the grave of two children, who bore the name of WHEELER. It will pay you to examine it. The modest sandstone, with all its mouldings and volutes, is beautifully decorated with lichens. You will perceive that this graceful adornment covers every part, excepting the sunken and inscribed tablet. This is just as one would wish to have it. May we not learn, from even this small memorial, a useful lesson in regard to the proper style for monumental sandstone?



"Cozzee"



On the right, as we pass into FOREST DELL, glance at the monument of ARRINDA L'AMOUR-EUX, and see that there is, at least, one serious objection to recumbent statuary, when placed as this is placed. From DELL AVENUE by OAK LEAF, up DELL WOOD and LABURNUM PATHS to the monument of DR. SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL. A famous name this, some forty years ago. Then DR. MITCHELL was the great *savant* of New York. He was a lecturer—he was a journalist—he was a corresponding member of many learned societies abroad. Debatable points in chemistry—in mineralogy—in zoology—were referred to him for solution, and he was not slow to answer. In one instance all Gotham was astonished, if not shocked, by his oracular decision that the whale is not a fish. The wits of that day (see Halleck and others) took advantage of his easy nature, and made him, at times, the subject of their raillery. Notwithstanding this, the Doctor, who was a Senator as well as Savant, deserved well of his country, and well

of American learning, then passing through its day of small things. Let us keep his name from oblivion, if we can.

Look now at his monument: that sculptured form "is the HISTORIC MUSE, and so calmly does she seem to sit in the tranquil shade—that you might fancy her the embodied spirit of the Dell. Draw nearer: the design and the work will bear examining. The classic contour of the face and figure—the easy and graceful attitude—and the expression, so quiet and contemplative—all indicate the hand and eye of a master." This statue came from the Studio of Mr. Henry Kirke Brown.

That small Grecian structure a little farther on, which gives us some faint idea of the Choragic Monument at Athens, was reared to the memory of WILLIAM ANSON LAWRENCE—a native of New York and a partner in the house of Wetmore and Co., at Canton. He was

drowned (1844) in the Chinese waters. This memorial was reared by his friends—a genuine tribute of love and esteem.

Again in DELL AVENUE we pass near the plot and monument of SYLVANUS MILLER, long known in the political annals of the State, and for many years Surrogate of the City of New York.

Two marble busts and other carved work occupy the ground of T. P. NORRIS, and near it is the once snowy marble which bears the name of CAROLINE LAURA MITCHELL.

Still on by DELL AVENUE, through Sections seventy-seven and seventy-three, until you reach SOUTH-WOOD AVENUE. Here take the left and soon enter OAK-WOOD, also on the left, (section seventy-six). Very few, I am sure, will ever pass along this route, to whom it will not be pleasant to know, that there, upon the left, is

the ground selected by that eminent American orator and preacher, HENRY WARD BEECHER. Here too, you pass the lot of SAMUEL WARD, and JOHN WARD, once distinguished bankers of New York.

From OAK-WOOD AVENUE, near the section-post of seventy-six, we turn to the right into BIRCH AVENUE, going between OAK HILL and EVER-GREEN RIDGE. JOHN HENRY'S monument on the left of BIRCH has some sculpture, the meaning of which you must decipher.

Turn to the right, down ACORN PATH and across EVER-GREEN, and look at COZZEN'S modest memorial. Here he laid away his MARION. The epitaph gives her name alone, and the date of her decease. But there is more here. On an inserted tablet of the purest marble, behold her on the way to a brighter world than ours. Her face and the face of her angel guide reflect only love and peace. The sweet expres-



sion—the graceful form and pose of the figures—the delicate drapery—and the perfect finish—make this little bit of sculpture an ever fresh delight. It is marvellous that it endures exposure so well. It would probably have been otherwise had it continued, as at first, to face the north. It is from the chisel of H. K. Browne.

NOW in CENTRAL AVENUE where we leave on our right, the large inclosure of SAMUEL and WILLIAM SHEPARD WETMORE, great East India merchants, and by the circular lot embowered in willows, which bears the name of PETER COOPER, a man who has insured for himself an undying remembrance, among the great benefactors of this benevolent age,—into GROVE AVENUE (one hundred and one) where we take the left, passing on the right, JOHN TARGEE, once a man of note in political circles and warm party times; by COLEMAN, and PETTIGREW, and HOUGHTON, whose epitaph you may

read—if you can—and by the round plot and tall Grecian column of LILIETHAL—name once dear to lovers of the Indian weed.

Still by GROVE AVENUE and around SYCAMORE GROVE, where we turn to the right. A tall obelisk on the left bears the name of the REV. BENJAMIN C. CUTLER, for many years, the much-loved rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. HENRY RUGGLES is opposite, with his marble and colossal presentment of the young and praying Samuel, and with a remarkable stanza from Dr. Watts.

That square marble building somewhat like a summer-house, is the monument of H. DERBYSHIRE. OSTRANDER's urn-crowned monument is on the right. The round columnar edifice of conspicuous aspect belongs to ARNOLD, a well-known dry-goods merchant of New York.

Leaving Arnold on the left, keep on in AT-

LANTIC AVENUE, through sections one hundred and eighteen and one hundred. Our way is lined with tomb-fronts, some of which are peculiar. Here are GIBERT, BURTIS, HALL, EBAUGH—note the open book—RILEY, KINNER, and COX. A number of monumental stones mark the plot of R. M. BLATCHFORD. Here, also, are DAVIDSON, HUTCHINSON, EGGLESTON, SWIFT, and VALLANCE. On the left, also, and near the summit of OCEAN HILL, stands the memorial of BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON a great man in his day—and a Judge of the highest court in our country. The neat classical epitaph does only justice to his eminent ability, eloquence, learning, and goodness. He died in 1823.

Below us on the western slope are the grounds of the well-known banker, GEORGE NEWBOLD—of the merchant and philanthropist, HENRY GRINNELL—and of the merchant and MAYOR, AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND. Of these NEWBOLD only has yet come here to stay. Here too re-

poses the Christian merchant, JONATHAN GOODHUE—much honored name!

Of the many and varied sepulchral edifices in these grounds, no other is so conspicuous as the monument of STEPHEN WHITNEY;—a distinction which it owes, in part, to its size—still more to its position. The vault is beneath the floor. The interior is a sort of chapel and may be seen partially, at least, through the grated, inner door. The lofty room is lighted by windows of colored and pictured glass. There is nothing which indicates the intended use of this apartment. It may be designed to receive the busts and statues of the family. The blue stone employed in this imposing structure, is hard, durable, and appropriate. But the trimmings, copings, and bands of soft Caen limestone are greatly disintegrated, and will soon involve this expensive structure in disgraceful ruin. It is well to learn that there are building stones which do not suit our climate, and no

one can regret that an experiment so conclusive, is made by those who need not feel the cost.

Though MR. WHITNEY was so long connected with Green-Wood, and early chose the spot where he was to lie, he left it for the heirs of his immense estate to build this magnificent tomb.\*

Just beyond WHITNEY on the right is the lot of JAMES BOORMAN. RUFUS PRIME's monument is on the left, an obelisk of dark polished stone, while the AYMAR family ground is marked by a showy, marble monument in the Gothic style. In the plot adjoining BOORMAN's, stands the monument of PETER W. RADCLIFFE, a lawyer and jurist of distinction in his day. Look at both sides of the stone. Beyond this, upon the right, you pass by the ground of WILLIAM E.

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\*Since these remarks were penned, the owners have determined to rebuild this structure, and to substitute granite in all portions where Caen-stone was used.

DODGE, a man of large means and larger heart. On the right, also, a little to the left of SARAH CLEVELAND PORTER's brown-stone monument, and lower on the hill-side, stands a marble obelisk, truncated and capped, with an anchor in relief upon its eastern side. For nearly fifty-years, ISAAC McKEEVER was an officer in the Navy of the United States, and left, behind him in that noble service, not one more brave, or faithful, or humane.

Farther on, upon the same side, you will see the name of DAVID ABEEL, the devoted missionary, and American pioneer of christian effort in China.

The charm of this beautiful hill was early felt, and its ground was soon taken. Some of its monuments are among the oldest in Greenwood, nor are there, perhaps, even amid the costly and elegant erections of a later time, any that, in substantial and appropriate beauty, are

superior to the brown stone monuments of ATWATER, CLEVELAND and KINGSLAND, near the junction of ATLANTIC and OCEAN AVENUES, and of NORRIS, a little farther west. The large and elaborate altar-tomb near the same corner, is the family vault of the CORNELLS, an old and respectable Long Island name. An aged and venerable lady, whose remains now moulder in the vault beneath our feet, once gave to the writer of these pages an interesting account of the scene exhibited in the summer of 1776, when the British forces landed at New Utrecht, and deployed their scarlet lines, and pitched their white tents, in full view from her father's door. She was then a very young girl, and from her description I could not doubt that she highly enjoyed the spectacle. From other lips I learned that before the war was over, she married an officer in the Hessian artillery service, and that old folks could tell a long romantic story of love, separation, and sorrow, before she entered the substantial CORNELL fam-

ily, and had numerous sons and daughters. Often, when standing on this spot, I have recalled that ancient dame, and her vivid narrative, and looking down on New Utrecht and the Flatlands, it has required no great effort of fancy to see the great war ships—the boats—the landing—the tents—the banners—the red-coated regiments—which made the scene below this hill so picturesque and lively, ninety-six years ago.

A little way north from the Cornell tomb rises a tall, strong monument of granite. “The form, the solidity, the height, and the material combine to make this one of the most remarkable monuments in Green-Wood.” It bears the name of DAVID HALE—founder and editor of the Journal of Commerce, a man of marked character, and of no little note in his day.

This beautiful swell of ground is on the north-eastern side of the Cemetery, about two



thirds of the way across. It is of elongated form, and rises sharply from the lower level, especially on the western side. The view which it commands, is one of great extent and of remarkable beauty. On the left, and toward the east, if the envious foliage does not interfere, you may see the pleasant village of Flatbush. Immediately beyond the green tree-tops which spread out below you, and which shade the eastern end of the Cemetery, the eye ranges from Flatbush, through New Utrecht to the sea, over a level tract of farming land, charmingly variegated with wood, meadow, and green of every tint and shade, and dotted all the way with white cottage-homes. Outside of these, as if to protect them from the cold sea-blasts, a dense belt of wood lifts its wall of verdure. Beyond this—beyond the whole—stretching from Sandy-Hook to Rockaway, and further still, lies the Ocean, with bays, inlets, and islands, with smoke-wreathed steamers, snow-white sails, and everything, indeed, that makes it now grand, now lovely, always interesting.

From ATLANTIC AVENUE (Section one-hundred and twenty) turn sharply round into OCEAN AVENUE. Conspicuous here is the tomb of DAVID SUTTON, with façade and obelisk of white marble. On another marble monument, massive and good-looking, you will see the name of SCHIEFFELEEN. E. FITCH SMITH, lawyer and judge, has also a marble memorial—a flattened, tapering, cylindrical column, in several pieces, and a head seen in profile. The supplicating young Samuel is upon the ground of GEORGE PARKER. Upon our left, near section-post ninety-nine, and on AURORA PATH, stands the monument of DUDLEY A. TYNG, a neat and plain sand-stone cross. This young man was the eldest son of REV. DR. S. H. TYNG, the well known Rector of Saint George's in New York. His untimely death was occasioned by an accident. His dying injunction, "Stand up for Jesus!" is graven on the stone.

Upon the right of this avenue, at the foot

of the hill, and due south from Whitney, you pass the tomb and front lot of DR. VALENTINE MOTT. Dr. Mott's eminence, as a surgical operator, lecturer, and writer, will long be remembered. You will find some attractive sculpture within this inclosure.

Turn now upon the left, into VINE AVENUE, (Section one hundred and sixty,) and stop before the monuments of SCRIBNER and CRANSTON. The former is an open, circular, peristyle structure of eight marble pillars, which support a canopy or roof of the same material, and rest on an octangular base of granite. The marble statue, of rather more than life size, is intended probably as a representation of Hope. A star is on her brow, and she holds to the anchor by a bit of chain. An eight-sided pedestal of dark-colored marble supports the statue. Its inscriptions tell us that ABRAHAM S. SCRIBNER was a native of Danbury, Connecticut; that he died May 18, 1860; and that his wife ZILLAH

died on the first of April, 1854. On the same pedestal, four well executed tablets depict in low relief, the great events of CHRIST'S History. Upon the western front is seen the Nativity; on the south side, the Crucifixion; then comes the Resurrection, and last the Ascension. The whole of the marble work was done in Italy, and the carver of the statue has put his name at the foot. "Profre. Giusepē Lazerini, fece Carrara, 1860." This elaborate work in its passage from Europe to America, was shipwrecked twice.

A marble statue in sitting posture occupies the summit of CRANSTON'S large marble column.

From this point proceed eastwardly along CYPRESS AVENUE, and enjoy the view of OCEAN HILL, as its southern declivity rises high upon your left. With its monuments and tomb-fronts its verdant slopes and noble trees, all basking in the sunshine, it forms a picture of transcendent beauty.

Near the junction of CYPRESS and BORDER, stands the plain headstone of ORMSBY McKNIGHT MITCHELL, a man who was eminent in the walks of science, and to whose eloquent lectures on Astronomy, thousands have listened with profit and delight. He had been educated at West Point, and when the war of rebellion came, gave himself with characteristic ardor to the great cause of the Union. GENERAL MITCHELL had already distinguished himself, when disease arrested and ended a career from which much had been hoped. He died in 1862, at Beaufort, in South Carolina.

The level ground which lies directly south of OCEAN HILL, between AVENUES DAWN and VINE, is already largely taken, and may easily be explored by the aid of CORNUS, VERNAL and LANDSCAPE PATHS. Let us, however, return to CRANSTON and SCRIBNER, either in the Avenue, or by one of the parallel PATHS, EDGE-HILL, DAWN, and VINE. From

this point VINE AVENUE will take us to SASSAFRAS. It will be more pleasant to go there by LANDSCAPE PATH, passing near FOLGER's monumental angel and turning into SASSAFRAS AVENUE, between PAYNE's granite obelisk with its marble statue, and the granite memorial of CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS, a man of some celebrity in his day. Near the intersection of VINE and SASSAFRAS stands the monument of JAMES RENWICK. As a scholar and teacher—a man of ability and virtue—Professor Renwick held an honored place.

As we go west, in SASSAFRAS, or in ALDER PATH, TILDEN's column of polished Scotch granite, with its recording angel in white marble, will perhaps catch your eye. Here is J. ROBINSON's tall column with sky-pointing statue, and JEREMIAH P. TAPPAN's neat marble memorial.

Who has not heard of GEORGE LAW? Near

the corner of Sassafras and Grape Avenues, you may see what resting-place the great operator has chosen, for the time when his operations will be over.

Along GRAPE AVENUE, crossing CYPRESS until we come to LOCUST, near section-post fifty-one. Turn to the right and find, near by in section seventy-four, the monument of MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG; a composite structure of many pieces, and, from that very fact, ill-fitted to endure.

This young hero of twenty-nine years fell with the gallant COLONEL SHAW, in the terrible attack on Fort Wagner. Never be their names forgotten!

On the declivity between LOCUST AVENUE and GRAPE AVENUE, section seventy-four, rest the ashes of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER. As the intimate friend and confidential adviser of

Martin Van Buren, Mr. Butler was early brought into notice, holding the office of Attorney General of the United States, under Jackson and under his successor. He died in the fullness of his ability and fame at the age of sixty-two.

Look at this capital piece of work in section seventy-five—this granite mansion reared for the accommodation of THOMAS HUNT and family. Green-Wood does not possess a more substantial structure.

Here, on the left, are “THE CATACOMBS,”—thirty tombs which open into one vaulted area, lighted from above. They were built for sale, and have been, in part, disposed of.

Bending round to the left through Vine Dell we enter GROVE AVENUE which takes us back to Grape—where we turn northwardly and cross southward into Vista. Here on the left is Eggleston’s fine monument, and Cedar Dell lies below us on the same side.



Upon the right, (section seventy-two,) is old CAPTAIN CORREJA, as large as life, and much as he looked when alive. This statue has long been an object of special attention. You see what it is. Here he stands, as formerly he stood on deck at sea, when "taking an observation." It was, on the whole, a happy thought of the retired veteran, and he found, if I mistake not a good deal of comfort in it. Long as his strength permitted, he came often to see it; kept everything in order; and listened with evident complacency to the remarks of wondering and admiring strangers, as they paused before it. He has gone, at last, where the good ship-master no longer looks *through a glass darkly*.

Still along VISTA AVENUE, through section seventy-two to VISTA HILL in section seventy-one. This large circular inclosure belongs to the BROOKLYN CHURCH AND SOCIETY OF THE SAVIOUR. On a pleasant day in September,

1845, this ground was set apart to its destined use with due solemnities. Mr. Farley's address, Mr. Pierpont's hymn—the devotional exercise and the musical performance—all of them appropriate and touchingly beautiful—made it an hour long to be remembered.

The monument of AUGUSTUS GRAHAM is near the gate of this inclosure. He was the founder of a Retreat in Brooklyn, for women who have seen better days, but whom age finds without means or friends. For this and other noble charities his name will be held in perpetual remembrance. Follow VISTA AVENUE through section seventy-eight, with a glance at FOREST DELL on the right, and at Brown's Muse, still busy with her writing, to OAK LEAF AVENUE which you take on the right, leaving on your left BUTTERNUT HILL with its two concentric circles, occupied by the HARPER BROTHERS and their friends. On the gates of the inner circle, you may read the names of this celebrated,

and prosperous, but no longer, unbroken band. They are JOHN; FLETCHER; JAMES; and JOSEPH W.

Now sweep round CHAUNCEY'S TEMPLE into CENTRAL AVENUE, which you take on the left, coming soon to TWILIGHT DELL upon your right, and to PINE HILL, on the left. The DELL—not unfitly named—contains several objects of interest. On a prominent granite obelisk you may read the name of LORENZO B. SHEPARD, a young lawyer of talent and promise, who dying at the age of thirty-five, had yet risen to be Grand Sachem of Tammany, Counsel to the Corporation of New York, &c., &c. His friends and admirers reared this tribute to his memory. West from SHEPARD is the brown stone cenotaph of MAJOR WHISTLER, a civil engineer of extraordinary capacity and energy. While successfully engaged in his profession here, he received an invitation from the Russian Government to construct a rail-road from Saint Peters-

burg to Moscow. He assumed the vast responsibility—and entered with vigor on the work, but did not live to complete it. He died in Russia.

In another corner of TWILIGHT DELL, lies the artist VERBRYCK, and at his side that gallant and amiable man, GENERAL JOSEPH G. SWIFT, of the U. S. Army, together with his not less gallant son CAPTAIN ALEXANDER H. SWIFT, of the same service, whose death preceded the departure of his father.

PINE HILL belongs to the HOWLANDS and the WOLCOTTS, names widely and honorably known in the commercial world. The ground has been excavated, and has extensive catacombs below, though there is but little evidence of this fact on the surface. Those two handsome monuments of the red scotch granite, beautifully wrought and highly polished, bear respectively the names of GARDNER G. HOWLAND, and SAM-

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UEL SHAW HOWLAND, who came, when they were boys from Norwich, Connecticut, and built up a great commercial house in the City of New York. This ground—symmetrical as it is in shape—perfectly accessible all round—neatly and durably inclosed—claims high praise for the HOWLAND selection.

The next right-hand turn takes us into PINE AVENUE when we have HOLLY HILL on the right, and BUTTON-WOOD HILL on the other side. But before we advance, notice on the left, on ROSE PATH, some distance in, a large and peculiar monument, standing near the line between sections seventy-nine and eighty. This handsome swell of ground belongs to the FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH in Brooklyn. In the centre this Church has a tomb for her ministers, and the monument above, has tablets for their names. SANDFORD and CARROLL are already on the sainted roll, and there, probably, in due time—distant be the day!—will be seen the celebrated

name of SAMUEL HANSON COX, for many years pastor of this Church. There have been a few interments near the circumference of the circle, which is kept apparently for indigent members of the Society.

In the earlier days of Green-Wood, while its success was far from being a thing assured, strong inducements were offered the different religious societies of New York and Brooklyn, to purchase large tracts for the special accommodation of their own members. On the part of the Directors the impelling motive undoubtedly was a desire—a necessity I might say—to raise money by the sale. But how very natural the idea! How becoming such an arrangement, and how consistent with past experience! Had not the churches, from time immemorial, possessed, or desired, at least, to possess, each its own grave-yard? Would not the sympathies, the associations, the christian friendships which had brought them and kept them together in one

religious household, prompt the wish that they might lie down together, whenever the summons should come, that comes to all? How else, indeed, in strict truth, could they ever be gathered to their fathers?

Notwithstanding all this, only a few of the invited congregations assented to the proposal in their corporate capacities. And, in the case of those societies which purchased ground, there has seemed but little disposition on the part of members to avail themselves of these privileges. Every man goes where he pleases, and selects his little burial plot without even asking whether any good brother or sister in the faith proposes to take that long sleep by his side. A result so unlike all that reason and experience led us to expect, only shows that there is a wider law which we did not understand, and which the rural Cemetery has brought, not into existence, but certainly into action.

Upon HOLLY HILL and in the centre of section ninety-three, is the circular plot of ABIEL ABBOT LOW, well known as one of the most distinguished and most successful of New York merchants, and, for years, President of the Chamber of Commerce. Here lie the remains of his good father SETH LOW, whom Brooklyn still remembers as one of her most useful citizens.

On BUTTON-WOOD HILL, and beyond it, near section-post eighty, are the strong, rock-built sepulchral fastnesses, to which the SCHERMERHORNS retire from the activities of life.

From PINE AVENUE take the left in GREENBOUGH AVENUE, and stop at its intersection with SYCAMORE AVENUE, (section eighty-one) where you may see CHARLES MORGAN'S Ionic, granite tomb,—and in the same inclosure QUINTARD'S marble monument—a statue in reclining posture. Notice also the granite curb, and solid steps, the latter all in one piece;—work that must stand.



IN GREEN-BOUGH still, and on to CENTRAL, where bending to the left, you take (section-post sixty-eight) LAWN-GIRT PATH and soon come to the noble brown-stone monument of CYRUS PORTER SMITH, who was Mayor of Brooklyn, when the city was young—who has long been and still is a Trustee of Green-Wood,—and Managing Director of the Union Ferries.

LAWN-GIRT HILL (section sixty-eight,) on the side of which we are now standing, deserves a moment's attention. This belongs to the PIERREPONT FAMILY. It is an elliptical mound of moderate elevation and symmetrical form. A monumental canopy, of Gothic design and of great beauty, crowns the summit. On the sarcophagus below you may read the names of HEZEKIAH and ANNA MARIA PIERREPONT.

Follow round the inscribed curb-stone and you will see how numerous was their family. Of these, is HENRY E. PIERREPONT, to whom,

more than to any other person, this Cemetery owes its origin. JOSEPH A. PERRY, who has so long been its Comptroller and Chief Director is a son-in-law. GERRIT G. VAN WAGENEN, another son-in-law—a man of sterling sense and virtue—and, for many years, a judicious and useful Trustee of this Institution, is buried here.

While you are on foot let me advise you, in case your leisure allows it, to extend your walk into sections sixty-seven and sixty-six. There are no pleasanter paths in these pleasant grounds, than those which lead you over CYPRESS and MYRTLE HILLS, and along the RIDGE called CENTRAL. Among the occupants and the owners, of these quiet homes, you will see many names of distinction. GEORGE GRISWOLD, ERSKINE MASON, GEORGE N. TITUS, are among them.

Let us return to GREEN-BOUGH, where we left



*Gardener's Lodge.*  
SOUTHERN ENTRANCE.



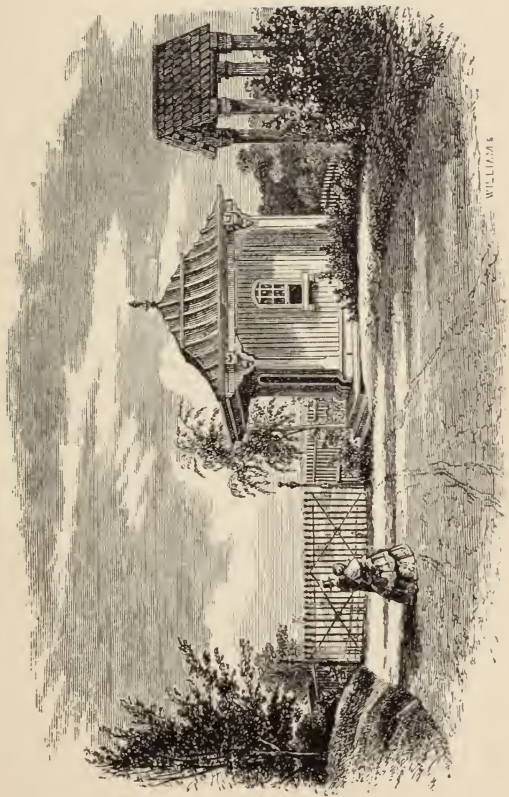
the carriage, and proceed southwest, in CENTRAL, by section-post sixty-eight, to ALDER AVENUE—the next right-hand turn. There is some sculpture near this spot. From ALDER, having passed CHESTNUT AVENUE and ROSY PATH, we enter VISTA, turning to the left, and, very soon, to the left again, which takes us into FOREST AVENUE. Pass now along the southern side of FOREST HILL, and turn at the next right-hand into WOODLAND AVENUE. But pass not by unnoticed the memorial of the oriental scholar and divine, whose work was world-wide. The monument of PROFESSOR EDWARD ROBINSON stands a little way to the east, near the junction of VISTA AVENUE and VISTA PATH.

Now through WOODLAND AVENUE and along WOODLAND RIDGE—and here upon our left, in section fifty-four, is the ground of a distinguished divine of the Episcopal Church, REV. JOHN S. STONE, and of his son, REV. ARCH-

BALD MORRISON, with queer three-sided monument. A head-stone marks the grave of a relative, DR. WILLIAM ADAMS, aged one hundred years, and of Dr. Adams' grandchild, aged one day. Here, too, let us drop a tear over the memorial of LIEUTENANT HENRY VANDYKE STONE—a son of the REV. JOHN S. STONE, who at the age of twenty years, gave his young life for the life of his country, in the mighty conflict at Gettysburgh.

WOODLAND ends in LOCUST AVENUE, and here we take the left, coming soon to CEDAR DELL, also on the left, and round which you may drive, if you choose. The inner circle of Cedar Dell belongs to the REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, of Brooklyn.

Here, and only here in all Green-Wood, there is something to gratify an antiquarian taste. If you have any proclivity of that sort, you will not fail to explore the old headstones



*Southern Entrance.*





which have been brought hither from their original location on Brooklyn Heights, and which occupy a large portion of the outer rim. Our friends of the REFORMED DUTCH did a good thing when they placed in this charming spot, these rude memorials of their fathers. As an expression of tender regard to the memory of the dead, it is an example that commands our praise. Placed here in the midst of monumental wealth and splendor, these homely mementoes of forgotten grief and affection, carry us back to those earlier and sterner times, which, in our abounding prosperity, we are all too prone to forget.

Some of them date a good way back. One stone bears the name of EDWARD MOSLEY, master of His Majesty's ship, "Rhinoceros." Mosley died in 1734.

So far as the reading of these half-effaced inscriptions is concerned, these stones are very

poorly placed. It is to be hoped that this difficulty will be remedied.

At the entrance of Cedar Dell stands the large marble monument of SILAS WOOD, formerly an eminent New York merchant.

Along Locust Avenue to South-wood, with JOSEPH THOMPSON'S column of marble and spiral ivy wreath on the left hand, in section fifty-two, and MRS. BEATTY'S handsome, gothic, brown-stone monument, standing on the right, in section forty-nine, and near HAWTHORN PATH.

On this Avenue, near South-wood, section fifty, is the singular monument of the ancient sisters:

SARAH W. CAIRNS, Aet. 117 years.

ELISABETH CAIRNS, Aet. 100 years.

Read the epitaph cut on both sides of the stone, and tell us what it means.

Pass now into SOUTH-WOOD, keeping round to the right by CAPTAIN J. A. BLOOMER's handsome brown-stone monument, and WOOD's marble angel, on through sections fifty, forty-nine and forty-eight, to DALE AVENUE at the western end of DALE WATER. The monument of GEORGE GRIFFIN, once a lawyer of note, (section thirty); WITTHAUS' column and statue, (section forty-seven); the modest memorial of ISAAC T. HOPPER—a true philanthropist, who now rests from his labors, and whose works follow him; are seen successively as we pass along.

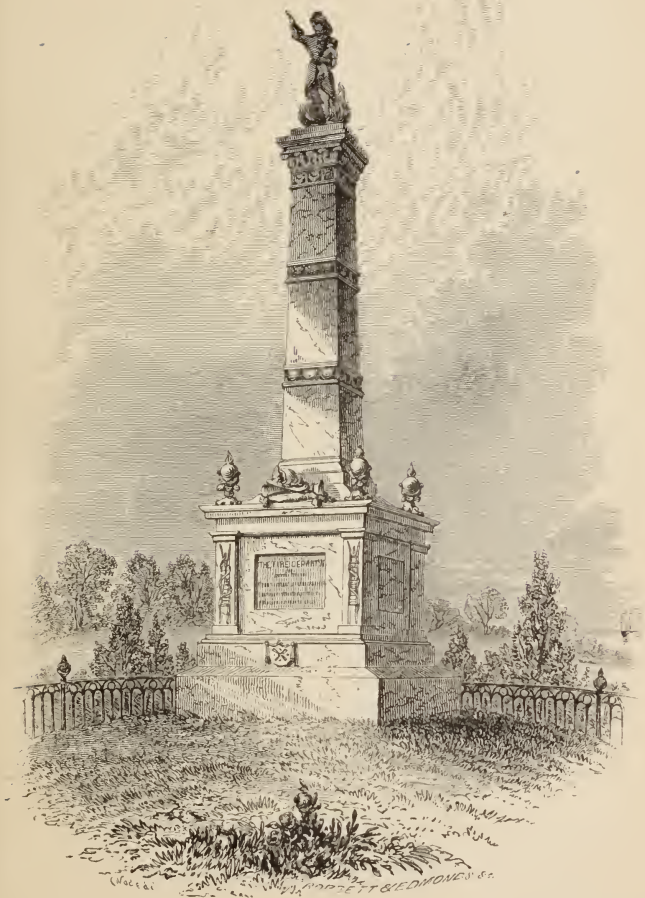
The surroundings of DALE WATER are exceedingly pleasant, and the whole scene is remarkable for its quiet beauty.

Now by VERNAL AVENUE, still skirting DALE WATER, and taking the first right which is SUMMIT AVENUE; passing by EDWIN HOYT's round lot, upon the left, and JOHN DIKEMAN on the right, and MARY BAKER's small statue, and then to the left by UNION into VERNAL, at sec-

tion-post thirty. Upon this Avenue, in section twenty-eight, stands the funeral mosque of C. K. GARRISON—an eight-sided massive marble structure of oriental aspect. The polished columns of the portico are beautifully executed in Scotch and German, and American granite. This monumental temple ranks among the most costly edifices of Green-Wood.

On HAZEL PATH near VERNAL AVENUE, (sections one hundred and seventy-eight, one hundred and seventy-nine,) you may see MASTERSON'S column, and statue, and marble roses, and UDOLPHO WOLFE'S monumental urn. The obelisk of BENKARD is opposite, and close by is the handsome monument of GEORGE WOOD. For many years Mr. Wood ranked among the foremost members of the bar. It was a mental treat to hear him argue. So clear and logical, so concise and neat a forensic orator, is rarely met with.

From Vernal by the right hand into CYPRESS



*The Firemen's Monument.*



AVENUE, where, on the corner, see the marble monument of R. CLARKE and WM. H. BRADFORD, and farther on, GOODHUE's tall pillar and statue, the circular lot of the MESSRS. HOPE, and the monument of SLOANE.

In section one hundred and eighty-two, we turn to the right into BORDER AVENUE, which takes us through section seven. Here, if you can do so, examine the monument which crowns so appropriately the low summit of ALPINE HILL. The beneficent life and fragrant memory of LUTHER BRADISH well deserve a memorial such as we behold in this massive and well proportioned—this bright, and beautiful, and enduring monument.

It stands at the head of ANDEAN PATH. In close proximity to the ex-governor, rests a VAN RENSSELEAR—of that famous Albany family which once belonged to our American nobility, and would have continued so to rank,

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had there been no meddling with the law of entail.

From Border Avenue, at section-post eight, we now pass into DALE. Here on the left an urn-crowned marble monument preserves the name of Dr. WILLIAM BARROW—a good physician and a good man. And not far distant is the ground of the HOE family. Who has not heard of HOE, and of those wondrous printing presses which proclaim his genius and fame on both sides of the Atlantic?

Here too in section five is a circular lot with burnished fence-posts of red granite. SIMEON B. CHITTENDEN is a name well known among the successful merchants of New York, and among the liberal citizens of Brooklyn.

Here we come to the pleasant lakelet known as CRESCENT WATER, which forms, with its surroundings, one of the most delightful spots in



the Cemetery. As you pass on, notice the tomb-fronts of WYETH and CROSSMAN, which are moulded into circular lines; the gothic façade and gilded door of Mrs. FERRIS' stone mansion; and GROESBECK's Egyptian imitation, with its face in profile.

Here we are in front of NIBLO's. Do not imagine that this is a branch of the establishment in Broadway. Here, that indefatigable caterer, has provided a retreat for himself, when, at length, he shall quit the stage. The front is broad and high—a marble structure in the gothic style—with a door of iron open-work profusely gilded. Through the door may be seen the termination of the cells. Some of the tablets are already inscribed. Two angelic figures stand near the entrance. Two marble lions of formidable aspect guard the gateway. Flagged alleys give easy access to the ample area in front, which is entwined, from Spring to Autumn, by choice shrubbery, vines and flowers.

Stand here for a few minutes on any pleasant summer afternoon, and you will probably arrive at the conclusion that NIBLO's has not ceased to be attractive.

To Mr. Niblo we are indebted for the gold-fish which abound in all the Green-Wood waters. From a few which he put into Crescent Water, some fifteen years ago, they have increased, probably, to millions, and are often seen in large shoals, ruffling the surface. They have spread from pond to pond by means of the connecting pipes.

Turning on the left into VALE AVENUE, with the water on our left, we may see on the right, a little way up the slope, a winged, bronze image, which stands on ground of LEMUEL SMITH. And not far from this bronze, is a marble figure, also winged, with down-cast look, and hands gently clasped. GRACE BALDWIN, an only daughter, was but nineteen when she died.

In the same vicinity you may find JOSIAH LANE's costly tribute to his wife, and also BARKER's massive granite cross. The circular inclosure of ISAAC N. PHELPS is neatly kept, and the structure within is large, solid, showy.

Directly opposite is the monument of LIEUT. HENRY B. HIDDEN, who fell at Sangster's Station in Virginia, leading a charge of fourteen dragoons against more than ten times that number of the rebel foe. The young cavalry officer, with his horse and groom, and with the nation's flag, are represented in bronze relief.

Leaving Phelps on the right, follow VALE AVENUE to BORDER, and go to the right, through sections four and three. CRESCENT DELL, the somewhat extensive hollow on our right, as now seen, is one of the latest improvements in the Cemetery. You will perceive, that as yet, it is only partially developed. Its capabilities, however, are manifest and great, nor does it require

any special liveliness of the imagination, to see how pleasant and how attractive it is destined to become.

At the next turn we enter, on the right, LANDSCAPE AVENUE, and find ourselves among the FIREMEN.

Several years have passed since the New York Fire Department bought a handsome lot on TULIP HILL, for the interment and commemoration of those who had lost, or who might lose their lives, in the discharge of a laborious and often perilous duty. The spot selected is one of the finest in the Cemetery. Behind it and below lies the deep amphitheatre of CRESCENT DELL. The vista which opens in front and stretches far away to the north and west, presents to the eye a beautiful variety.

The FIREMEN'S MONUMENT is a pyramidal column of marble resting on a massive pedestal



*Fountain and Reservoir, on Fountain Hill.*



of the same material, with a granite base below. The Fireman on its summit, is a well executed figure. "One arm surrounds and supports a child, just rescued from the flame which still pursues it. His right holds a trumpet. The attitude is spirited, and the general effect very good." Upon four of the pilasters of the pedestal, and upon its upper surface, appear various representations, in relief, or in full, of implements and articles appertaining to the fireman's calling. His swinging engine lantern—his trumpet and cap,—his hose and hydrant,—the hook and the ladder,—may all be seen in sculpture before you.

Several monuments in the immediate vicinity bear the names of firemen who died in the discharge of their duty. GUIRE'S monument is a sort of shrine, having an urn within, and symbols on the urn. FARGIS and KERR have each a monument. Both lost their lives at the Duane street fire, in 1848.

A short walk westerly from the Firemen's monument takes you to GEORGE STEERS;—the name is on the map and the lot may be reached by VISION PATH. There are few who have not heard of this gifted naval architect. In his special and chosen pursuit, STEERS might truly be called a genius. He was cut off at the early age of thirty-seven. The memorial of MARY STEERS is a lovely marble bust.

Not far from Steers, on Border Avenue, and in section two, is the tall obelisk of ROBERT FORSYTH, with its fillets and urns, and winged image aloft, standing on one foot and holding a wreath. The flowers in this ground claim a special regard, as appears from the following poetical epitaph :

“ In beautiful Green-Wood thou calmly dost rest,  
Bright are the flowers that bloom on thy breast;  
Sentinels guarding a treasure in trust,  
Nothing but flowers could spring from thy dust.  
When from earth's bands thy pure spirit was freed,  
Thy brother angels first planted the seed,  
Long may they flourish thy mission to tell,  
Dear brother in Heaven, we bid thee farewell !



Now drive on in Landscape Avenue, passing GLEN AVENUE on the right, and also on the right, HIGH-WOOD HILL, the large inclosure of the MORSE family. The brothers, three, are well known. SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, was formerly a distinguished artist—and afterwards became a more distinguished inventor. Who does not know that his telegraphic wires, and instruments, and processes, are now flashing thought over continents and under oceans, and that they will soon belt the globe? SIDNEY B. and RICHARD F. MORSE were the founders, and for many years, the editors of the New York Observer. All of them have now gone to rest on HIGH-WOOD HILL.

BROOKS, LEVERIDGE, HARRISON, may catch your eye, as you proceed to the eminence called CHAPEL HILL. At this point there is a pleasant view, commanding both Dale and Crescent waters.

The gentle height called CHAPEL HILL has but recently come into use. It was reserved for years, as an eligible spot for the erection of a chapel. In the early history of rural Cemeteries it was generally thought to be highly desirable that there should be a building on the ground, which could be used for funeral purposes. The erection of such a structure in Greenwood was fully resolved on, and was delayed from time to time, only because there seemed to be more pressing calls for expenditure. Meanwhile, however, experience, here and elsewhere, was demonstrating the inutility and needlessness of cemetery chapels. In other places where such accommodation had been provided, few cared to avail themselves of it, while here there seemed to be no call for anything of the kind, not already furnished. And so it was that the long cherished idea of the chapel was formally relinquished.

But there was another idea connected with

this notion of a chapel—the idea, namely, of a place where the finer productions of monumental art would be safe from the injurious action of inclement skies, and could be seen without discomfort at all seasons of the year. This idea has lost none of its importance with the lapse of time. Every day's experience makes more manifest the desirableness of such a structure. So far as the writer's knowledge extends, there is no reason to believe that this idea has been abandoned by those who have the management of Green-Wood.

As soon as the ground on Chapel Hill was released from bondage to an idea, it was all seized by eager purchasers. Conspicuous among its occupants are HARRISON—a tall four-sided marble column; LEVERIDGE—a granite obelisk; WILLIAM H. CARY—an eight-sided, urn-capped marble pillar; SABBATON's red granite column; DEGRAUW's marble with emblematic carving; and DAWSON and STEINWAY's granite houses.

The sepulchral mansion erected here by the great manufacturer of musical instruments, is a structure of great size and great cost. In the contemplation of edifices like this, who is not reminded of those vast piles, which were raised by old Egyptian kings, to hide and to preserve a few handfuls of worthless dust? We shall not stay to describe this piece of masonry. There it is. Look at it and pass on.

We now take CHAPEL AVENUE by Degrauw to LOCUST, section forty-six. There in LOCUST, turning short, to the left, to FOREST, and by Forest, westwardly, past WALL's tall column of shaded marble,—by the eight-sided monument of KINSLEY and GANT—to MRS. NORSWORTHY's building.

A walk in WHITE OAK PATH will enable you to see DE FOREST's marble—BRAINARD's brown-stone with its crocketed pinnacle—and CROMWELL's book-crowned monument.

NOW westwardly in LANDSCAPE till you come to OAK, passing by the grave of the murdered BURDELL, denoted by a painted board, and along OAK AVENUE (section thirty-five) and by RAVINE PATH, on which stands the costly Egyptian tomb-front of HENRY PARISH, whose memory, by the aid of litigation and the lawyers, has been so effectually embalmed. A little farther on, in OAK, you will see KELSEY's costly pile, with its four engaged columns, each of them surmounted by emblematic sculpture. This monument makes a good show, but can hardly be regarded as a durable erection. It has too many pieces and too many joints.

GEORGE GRISWOLD's marble sepulchre, close by, similar in work and material, and already falling to pieces, might have given warning.

Very near to these imposing monuments stands a small, neat memorial of polished syenite. Old Time, unless I greatly err, will find it hard

work to destroy the monument of MARTHA MILES.

Now southward in HILLOCK AVENUE, with the tall trees of WHITE OAK HILL on our left, and with HILLY RIDGE upon the right. On this ridge is the marble tomb of SAUL ALLEY, and the inclosures of W. P. VAN RENSSSELEAR, B. H. HUTTON, G. H. COSTER, and THOMAS SUFFERN. One monument on this Ridge it may be worth your while to examine—possessing, as it certainly does possess, more than common beauty and more than common interest, under a marble canopy which rests on four small columns of the polished red granite, are sculptured figures from the studio of John Moffit. This monument, erected by MR. JAMES BROWN, keeps in memory the loss of a larger portion of his family, who perished in the wreck of the ill-fated Arctic.

Here also you may see COCHRAN'S large, urn-





Weste





*Entrance.*



crowned and bright red granite, and WHEELER DE FOREST's massive sand-stone, and BENTO's house of granite.

From this point turn into CRYSTAL PATH, and climb FOUNTAIN HILL to look at its jet, and its prospect, and, perhaps, to meander awhile in the pleasant ground, and among the interesting monuments which cluster around the basin.

Still farther on, in section twenty-four, is the elliptical inclosure of ORCHARD HILL. An energetic and successful race—the well-known family of the HAVEMEYERS—have set apart this ample space for their last resting-place.

HILL-GIRT LAWN, (section twenty-four,) is on our left, and opposite the HAVEMEYERS. The ground is principally occupied by members of the SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY of New York.

Turn next to the right, between CAUCHOIS'

marble cross and FOGG's obelisk and bust, where TULIP AVENUE takes us between ORCHARD and TULIP HILLS, and runs with winding course along the side of PASTORAL DELL. In this Dell FRANCIS B. CUTTING, a New York lawyer of distinguished ability, and ROBERT BAYARD, and THOMAS M. HOOKER, have placed tombs.

Tulip soon takes us to BORDER, (section-post twelve,) and going northerly in BORDER, we leave DELAPLAINE—a granite temple tomb—upon the left. The ground of FRANCIS MEDANICH, also on the left, may be known by its cross, its blending of light-colored and dark-colored marble, its recessed sculpture, its door above and lion below.

Back of LEFFERTS' brown-stone altar-form monument, is SETH GROSVENOR, a large granite structure of unusual form. The inclined plane on one side of the monument is a sort of



*Engine House.*



gang-way or bulk-head, which gives admission to the vault, and which is closed or opened by means of a hinged lid of massive granite. Whatever may be thought of the taste exhibited in this singular structure, it certainly has the substantial merit of great durability. In this tomb lie the remains of ELISHA WILLIAMS, the eminent lawyer of Poughkeepsie, and his name is conspicuous on the stone.

Let us keep still in Border Avenue, where it bends and passes between LARCH HILL and SPRUCE HILL—but notice ere we turn, an oblong plot between Border Avenue and the northern boundary, marked by an obelisk which informs us that here are placed those who die in the BROOKLYN ASYLUM for ORPHANS. Two rows of little graves at the upper end, attest the benevolence of those kind-hearted women who look after the fatherless and motherless children, and often more than supply the place of the parents they have lost. We soon come

to a large circular inclosure called CEDAR MOUND, with a modest and appropriate monument. It belongs in part to one who deservedly ranks among the merchant princes of New York, WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL.

In this vicinity you will see the tomb of DOCTORS COCHRAN and GILFILLAN,—the latter born in Ireland, the former in Brooklyn, where both practiced their profession and both died. Here is ROBERT SMITH's fluted pillar, and FULLER CAMERON's Gothic, sand-stone gate-way.

Still along Border, between MAPLE RIDGE on the left, and LAKE RIDGE, on the right. On Maple we have the tall obelisk and statue of GRACE SYMS, whose husband came from Torbay, in England;—GRAY's marble monument, with a half-dozen statuettes of the same material:—and the altar-tomb-stone of ZUAZNAVAR, near the western end; and others, which we



cannot even mention. But all these objects can best be seen in a walk along the paths.

In fact, you can do nothing hereabouts, to advantage, if you stick to the carriage. Alight, then, at Cedar Mound, and take one of the Lake Ridge paths, bidding the driver move on to Poet's Mound, section forty-one. Here is the large marble fabric of W. S. MILLER. There is a sort of pretension to something solid and durable in the heavy buttresses, cornice, ribs, and finials of this edifice. But the material and masonry are poor, and tell a very different story. Near to Miller is TOWNSEND's tomb—a marble structure erected, according to the record on its door, “to hold the remains of our little Emily.” It needs but a slight inspection of this costly building to discover that the fatal process of dilapidation has already begun.

As you walk along this ridge, you will have pleasing glimpses through the foliage, of SYL-

VAN WATER, many feet below you on the right.

A headstone, not far from Townsend, bears the name of ANN MANIGAULT, wife of Thomas House Taylor, the Rector of Grace Church, New York. "A few Christian women who loved her," set up the stone. The name of her husband has since been added.

A strong, good-looking granite monument near by bears the names of BRUCE, WOLF and BISHOP.

Descending toward the western gate, you may distinguish the monuments of CHILTON, CLAYTON, YOUNG, RYAN and BOISSEAU—the last a South Carolina name—and SPENCER's very massive and very peculiar granite pile.

Here is the

WESTERN ENTRANCE.

This gate, situated at the south-western corner of the grounds, was opened as the place of general entrance in 1850. Before that time, the only gate for visitors was at a point some twenty rods south of the present grand entrance. For many years the ground needed for this entrance was in private hands, and could not be obtained without submission to exorbitant demands. The growth of nuisances around the original gate, and the increasing pressure of visitors and of funerals at length compelled the trustees to open this western entrance. For a number of years it was, so far as visitors were concerned, the only way of access or departure: the other gate being reserved for funerals.

At the time when this entrance was made, the Brooklyn Fifth Avenue existed only on pa-

per and in some distant future. But improvement often moves with long and rapid strides. To preserve the grade of this important street required at this point an elevated causeway, running directly across the passage. Hence the archway which you see, and which was built by the Cemetery company. The work will bear examination, and is an admirable specimen of plain, solid, durable masonry. This gate is still kept open, although, to those who remember the throngs which once passed through it, it now seems comparatively silent and solitary.

The Porter's Lodge, the Offices, the Bell-tower and Foreman's Cottage, stand west of the public avenue, but on ground belonging to the Cemetery. From this beautiful vestibule you may ascend directly to the Fifth Avenue, and there take the cars to Bath and Coney Island.

If, now, we return through the archway and

contemplate for a moment the immediate surroundings, we may find it difficult to believe that the finished and beautiful scene has been created, demolished, and restored within a period of sixteen years. It was a rough spot at first, and required immense labor to bring it into shape and comeliness. Then came along the avenue causeway, destroying for a time the work and growth of years. Who would suspect it now? These slopes, how natural they look—how gentle and charming! Those pines—how luxuriant and beautiful!

Walk along SYLVAN AVENUE till you reach LAKE SIDE PATH. Here, on your right, follow the path around this beautiful sheet of water, passing the monument to THOMAS W. McLEAY, and LEE's vault.

Soon a small obelisk with inserted anchor invites your eye, and on its western side you read, "Sarah J., beloved wife of LIEUT. H.

WALKE, U. S. N.; d. Aug. 3, 1855; aet. 43." Now look at the eastern side; "Jane E., beloved wife of COMR. H. WALKE, U. S. N.; d. May 15, 1857; aet. 42." Twenty-one months of domestic history!—checkered tale of joy and sorrow!

We are near the WATER-WORKS. If you have a taste for engineering, and like to see the successful results of mechanical skill, step into this small engine-house among the trees and witness the admirable action of the WORTHINGTON Pump. It is evidently a considerate machine, which feels and respects the sanctity of the place. Sunk below the surface, its action is unseen, and its throbbing pulse is scarcely heard. Nothing reveals its vitality but the silent smoke-wreath, which soon mingles with the clouds. This force-pump draws its supply in about equal proportions from the Lake and from a large and deep well, over which it stands. Through an eight-inch pipe it

sends the water to the top of Fountain Hill—a height of 115 feet—where it falls all bright and sparkling into a large distributing basin.

I may as well mention here that the small lakes in Green-Wood are nearly all connected by subterranean pipes, through which the water can flow from one to the other. Forced up by steam, it runs down for its own pleasure, in tubes that conduct it to the different ponds, where it again leaps up in jets of beauty, and stirs the water to healthful motion. The immense utility of this arrangement must be obvious to all. But for this pulsating ventricle—these iron arteries and veins—the beautiful waters of Green-Wood would soon become unseemly and intolerable nuisances.

Keep now straight on to LAKE AVENUE, and pause before a tall monument which bears the name of H. B. CLAFLIN. You must have heard

of him. In the dry-goods world he is a very "Triton among minnows." Even Stewart falls behind. In the amount of their operations in merchandise, the firm of Claflin & Co., is probably unequalled by any mercantile house on the globe.

To make his monument effective, Mr. Claflin has invoked the sculptor's art. A female figure stands upon the summit;—the head bent over toward the right shoulder;—her cheek resting on the right hand. There is something in this piece of statuary which invites attention, and which it might be pleasant to contemplate, were the object lower down and within easy reach of the eye. I know not how it is with others, but for me statues perched on pinnacles and lofty columns have very little interest. The finest form in marble, or in bronze, when "buried in air," even though it be "the deep blue air of Rome," or the soft sky that hangs



over the Duomo of Milan,—seems almost as much lost as if it were buried in the ground.

East of Claflin is YOUNG's small plot full of sculptured figures and emblems. ORISON BLUNT, the energetic supervisor, who won high praise by his patriotic and persevering labors in recruiting for the army of the Union, during our great national struggle, has a monument near in memory of his wife.

I *could* show you, not far away from where you stand, an epitaph, in which a familiar and exquisite poem is unmercifully travestied. If you have a taste for such monstrosities, you can hunt for this. I shall give no clue.

Let us now return to LAKE AVENUE, and notice, as we go, that SPOFFORD, TILESTON, BRYCE and DAMBMANN occupy a block of four tenements, and from their marble doorways have a pleasant outlook upon Sylvan Water.

LEONARD W. JEROME has a granite vault adjoining.

But here we are at the place appointed. This is POET'S MOUND, and a little further down is INDIAN MOUND—such the dignified names of two small hillocks bearing two little monuments. These monuments, however, were among the earlist erections in the Cemetery, and for a few years their solitary position made them objects of special attention. In those days no visitor failed to take a look at the memorials of the Indian girl and the demented bard. Now, in the multiplicity and strength of other attractions, they are, probably, often overlooked. As for CLARK, little needs be said. He wrote poetry, or something which he called poetry, and being half crazy, his friends seem to have considered him a fit subject for the Green-Wood Pantheon, and put up his monument *in memoriam*.

DO-HUM-MEE was a SAC Indian and a sachem's daughter, who came with her father to WASHINGTON in a delegation of the SACS and the IOWAS. Before they reached New York, Do-hum-mee was married to a young Iowa chief, also of the deputation. "In the City of New York they attracted much notice. Attentions—some of them probably very injudicious—were lavished upon them. Amid scenes and exposures so unlike those to which she had been accustomed in her forest home, Do-hum-mee took a violent cold; inflammation and congestion supervened, and death soon closed the scene." The monument is worth some study. The sculpture is appropriate and expressive.

Nearly opposite Poet's Mound is the brown stone monument of DANIEL APPLETON, the founder of the great book-publishing house.

A word here in regard to SYLVAN WATER. It is the largest, as you perceive;—it is also

the deepest of the Green-Wood ponds. In the earlier days of the Cemetery, it was nearly surrounded by a dense growth of trees and bushes, thus blending with its beauty a degree of wildness. In utilizing the spot, there has been, of necessity, some sacrifice. But the scenery of Sylvan Lake, whether viewed from below, or from the bluff around and above it, can never be otherwise than beautiful.

The declivity on the north and east, being too steep for the purpose of ordinary burial, is mostly appropriated to the use of those who have a preference for the vault. Its height is sufficient for three tiers of tombs.

Let us now ascend the cliff. SYLVAN AVENUE, which here opens on the left, will conduct us to OAKEN BLUFF and SYLVAN CLIFF. Stop between them and alight, and once more use your feet.

Look first at this handsome monumental

tomb of GEORGE W. BROWNE. It is on the southern end of Sylvan Cliff, and deserves notice not only on account of its architecture, but as having led the way in a class of structures now common in Green-Wood. Its roof rests upon an arch, and is covered with stone tiles, cut and laid diamond-wise. The gabled front, with its bold finial, and dated quatrefoil, and supporting buttresses, has been much and deservedly admired. It was designed by Upjohn. The proprietor of this house—an Englishman by birth—well known, for years, to thousands of New York merchants, who dined with him daily—has lately ceased from his provident cares, and now rests within. The following lines precede a notice of this tomb in the Green-Wood Directory, published in 1849:

A mansion ! reared with cost and care,  
Of quaint device and aspect fair,  
Its walls in rocky strength secure,  
Its massive portal fast and sure :  
And all intrusion to foreclose,  
Reclining near, in grim repose.  
Two guards canine forever wait,

Cerberian warders of the gate.  
Hold fast, ye stones, your treasured clay.  
Though wasting ages roll away ;  
Cling closely round the honored trust,  
Nor yield one particle of dust !  
Yet ye shall hear a voice at last,  
Quaking beneath a clarion blast ;  
Your dead shall hear that voice and rise  
To better mansions in the skies.

Look now, for a moment, on the other side, and at the monument of SKILLIN on Oaken Bluff.

In this massive structure there is a happy blending of grace and dignity. Solidly founded and faithfully built, it shows, after twenty years, no sign of displacement or decay. In only one respect does it seem to wear the signature of age. The dark brown stone has become a good deal darker, and is spotted everywhere with lichens. The blackening is due to a large chestnut which formerly stood near, and dropped its discoloring blossoms on the stone. It was a noble tree, and but for this unbecoming behavior, might have stood, and

bloomed, and waved there still. The flower stains are detrimental, but we regard the lichens as both ornamental and protective.\* I have observed that many people seem to place them in the same category with dirt, and stains, and mouldiness. It is a mistaken view. They are delicate and beautiful forms of vegetation. As from year to year we behold them springing and spreading over the monumental memorials of our dead, we should regard them as amaranths and immortelles, fresh from Nature's own loving hand:—the only plants over which drought and moisture—the fiercest sun

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\* Lichens, or mosses, as they are popularly called, are very generally regarded not only as emblems, but as agents of injury and decay. To trees, probably, such parasitic vegetation is injurious. But its influence on stone is salutary. As this is an important fact, which should be known and believed, let me quote a few words from a report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests—a report founded on a thorough examination of all the building stones and principal structures in England, made with a view to selecting a material for the new Houses of Parliament, then about to be built: “Buildings in the country appear to possess a great advantage over those in populous and smoky towns, owing to lichens, with which they almost invariably become covered in such situations, and which, when firmly established over their entire surface, seem to exercise a protective influence against the ordinary causes of the decomposition of the stone on which they grow.”

and fiercest frost—seem to have no power. Notice, also, that while this peculiar growth shows a decided partiality for the sandstones, there is, fortunately, no other material on which it looks so well.

Turn now into ACACIA PATH, which you can hardly miss, and along the brow of Oaken Bluff, where rises the tall monument of NOEL J. BECAR. We knew Mr. BECAR;—a native of Switzerland, but for many years an honorable and prosperous merchant of New York. Devoted as he was to nature in all her forms of loveliness, it is no matter of surprise that he found and secured the most charming spot in all these charming grounds. Stand here for a moment, or sit down on the base of the Becar monument, and enjoy the scene; the fine old oaks above and around you; the green slopes, lying some in sunshine, some in shade; Sylvan Water, with its ever-verdant banks, and pendent willows, and flashing jet; and beyond it



the Bay, seen through the opening foliage, like a larger lake, on which commerce never ceases to spread her wings and ply her wheels.

Not far from Becar is an obelisk of dark, gray granite, which bears the name of BRONSON. A marble headstone within the inclosure is thus inscribed: "Greene C. Bronson, died Sept. 3, 1863, in the 74th year of his age." Such is the modest record of one who, for many years, ranked among the ablest and most learned members of the New York Bar, and who had held an honored place as associate and as Chief Justice in the highest judicial tribunal of this great State. For a few years preceding his death, Judge Bronson was counsel for the Corporation of New York. His son, the Rev. Oliver Bronson, died two years earlier, and rests by his side.

Return to Sylvan Cliff and bid the carriage move slowly, north, in Landscape Avenue,

while you step into the inclosure of COL. TEUNIS CRAVEN, who died recently at the ripe age of 85, after a life-long service in the army of the United States. Here is some imitation work in stone—as good, perhaps, as any such imitation can be;—and here are beautiful lichens, which are genuine. Here, too, is a monument raised by the Colonel's son, A. W. CRAVEN, the able and honest engineer, in memory of his wife. In a recess of the stone, you will find a small gem of sculpture, from John Moffit's masterly hand.

Walk on a little, and pause at the end of Sylvan Cliff, where Steep-side Path comes in, and look down upon the Lake. This vista gives you a section only of the liquid mirror, but it takes in the jet—takes in the Western Entrance, with its surroundings—gives short reaches of the avenues (Fifth and Third), with their streams of perpetual travel—opens widely out upon the ever-lively bay—and

has its fitting termination at the shore and on the heights of Staten Island. Fail not to get a glimpse, at least, of this enchanting picture!

A short walk from the southern end of Sylvan Cliff, across Crescent Ridge and Landscape Avenue, will conduct you to the oldest of the "Public Lots." Its single and double graves were all taken long ago. Among them are some names of interest. CAPTAIN HODGES, of the British Army; "N. H. BANNISTER, Dramatist and Comedian," with a Shakspearian epitaph; good DINAH DEPUY, who died honored and lamented, years before the deliverance of her race from that bondage into which she was born; and PIERRO MARONCELLI, the faithful and beloved companion of Silvio Pellico, in the horrid dungeon at Spielberg. Who has not read the touching story?

Near to these public lots is a considerable

tract which belongs to families of GERMAN name and origin.

You may resume your seat, and keep on in Landscape, by Dr. Schroeder's unfinished vault—noticeable as the only instance of such failure in all Green-Wood—and cast a glance at CATLIN's monument. A slab of statuary marble is inserted in a structure of the gray Paris limestone. You will notice the winged, female form, the stylus, and the tablet, on which she has already inscribed her parting message. This work of somewhat questionable taste was executed in France, and commemorates the wife of GEORGE CATLIN, well known as a delineator of Indian life, features and manners.

Still following Landscape as it bends round Catlin, with ASPEN HILL on right and SYLVAN BLUFF on left, and passing on our left a silent colony of German origin, we soon come in

sight of MATTHEW's mausoleum. This structure, of recent erection, ranks just now among the seven wonders of Green-Wood. Upon a solid base of granite stand four short columns of red and polished granite, having marble pedestals and huge marble capitals. These capitals show a profusion of somewhat rude carving, representations of leaves and flowers and folks. The four columns support a heavy slab of marble, upon which rests a heavy pediment roof, also heavily carved, cut out of Nova Scotia sandstone. The space between the pillars is occupied by a recumbent statue representing the late Mr. Matthews. In a certain sense, this monument may be regarded as expressing the extent and importance of the soda-fountain business in our country—inasmuch as all the carving here visible has been executed in Mr. Matthews' work-shop.

Here, on the right, is a fine monument, reared in honor of CHARLES E. ISAACS, M. D.,

of Brooklyn—a man highly respected and regretted by all who knew him, and specially dear to his professional brethren, who set up this memorial.

Landscape Avenue, winding round Evening Dell and VALLEY WATER, intersects Valley Avenue. Here EDWARD WALKER has put up a small house of iron, and painted it to look like stone. On STRAWBERRY HILL, back of Walker, JOHN J. COOPER has placed a monument of granite, in which that hard material is wrought into a form of real beauty as well as of massive strength.

If your time and curiosity are not exhausted, you may find some objects of interest in sections eighty-five, eighty-six and sixty-three. At the junction, for instance, of LAKE and MAGNOLIA AVENUES, there is a lot in which the gate-posts, the cross, and even the heap of stones in which it seems to stand, belong, all

of them, to the class of imitations. How much of an imitation it is, each one can judge for himself. At the junction of Lake Avenue and Aster Path, you may find, half hidden by the foliage, a brown-stone image, with hands crossed, an anchor just visible, and a dragon under foot. Name—ELVERO GODONE.

Section eighty-five contains one of the public lots—all planted, as you see at a glance. Of these graves, a large majority have no memorial except the little earth-mound. Some of them are distinguished by low head-stones, with brief inscriptions. In some instances you find a single shrub, or a few flowers, to denote the hand of affection. One conspicuous grave, is shaded by a haw-thorn, which has been pruned into hedge-like form and density. On the summit, near the two willows and the red cedar, there is a short grave sheltered by a glazed structure, which contains a number of play-things once belonging to the small tenant

below. There are not a few of these frail mementoes in the Cemetery—most of which are falling, or have already fallen, to pieces.

On a head-stone, close to the glass-house just mentioned, you may read these words: “The bereaved father, CAPT. F. LAHRBUSH, to the memory of his dear daughter, BERNARDINA, the widow DU TOIT, who d. 1863, aet. 41.” We have the pleasure of knowing this good old “Captain,” who, though now in his hundred and seventh year, is brighter in mind and more active in body, than *some* young men of twenty.

It is worthy of remark that of more than one hundred and sixty-five thousand persons already interred in Green-Wood, seven only have attained to the present age of old Capt. Lahrbush. These centenarians counted as follows: 101; 102; 104; 105; 108; 113; 117.



In conclusion, one or two remarks of a more general nature may not be out of place. Among the rural cemeteries, so called, in Europe and in America, which have been founded since the opening of Pere-la-Chaise, I think it must be allowed that Green-Wood is entitled to the first place; and I venture the opinion after a somewhat extensive observation on both sides of the Atlantic. There may be institutions which equal or surpass it in particular features, but there is no other which can show such a combination of beauties and advantages. This is due, in the first place, as you have probably perceived, to the position, the form, and the character of the ground. Nature—first and greatest of landscape gardeners—seems, as it were, to have selected, and shaped, and fitted this charming spot to be the burying-ground of a mighty city. There is not a square rod of the entire four hundred and forty acres that is not directly available for cemetery purposes. The surface,

for the most part gently undulating, presents a continual and pleasing variety of scene and prospect. The vistas and distant views which invite the eye from all the more elevated points, are singularly diversified and beautiful. Numerous old trees, different in kind and of great size, had, fortunately, been kept from the axe, and give in a certain sense, to this young cemetery the grave dignity of age. Nor was water wanting to impart its own peculiar brightness to the landscape.

But with all its natural advantages, Greenwood still owes a great deal to human skill and perseverance. Happily for all who feel an interest in this Cemetery, its general arrangements, with all their variety and minuteness of detail, have, almost from the first, been directed by a single controlling mind. None but those who have watched the long, costly, and laborious process, can have any adequate conception of what has been accomplished here;—of the

deformities which have been removed—the deficiencies which have been supplied—the beauties which have been created.

Green-Wood differs from many, perhaps I may say from most other organizations of the sort, in the benevolent motives of its origin, and in the disinterested principles on which it is based. Its territory belongs in fee simple to the owners of the lots. All speculation in the property is absolutely prohibited. All private advantage from the ownership of lots, beyond the advantage of a place for burial, is effectually foreclosed. Every dollar of income derived from sales, over and above what is needed for current expenses, is sacredly devoted to the preservation and improvement of the cemetery grounds, buildings and monuments.

Large rural cemeteries must always find a serious difficulty and a formidable danger in

that tendency to suffer injury and decay which belongs to all things human and earthly. How long do you suppose that the order, the neatness, the beauty, on which you have just been looking with so much pleasure, would continue, if the care of these roads and paths, these inclosures and monuments, should be left entirely to the proprietors of the lots? A few of those owners might, and probably would, attend to their little pieces of property, while all beside would be left to take care of itself. It is perfectly safe to say that under such a regime ten years would not elapse before the whole place would become a tangled—an impenetrable thicket—one wide scene of neglect, and desolation, and ruin.

A result so deplorable, the Directors of Green-Wood mean, if possible, to prevent. To this end, they not only receive money from individuals, the income of which is to

be applied to the care and preservation of particular lots, monuments, etc.: but they have established a permanent fund, which is set apart in perpetuity for the same great object. This fund, already very large and annually increasing,\* will, at no distant day, afford a revenue sufficient to keep this fairest of cemeteries in complete repair and in unfading beauty. This fact, of itself, imparts to Green-Wood an inappreciable value.

As we have wandered through these pleasant but pensive shades, amid so many emblems and tokens of that mortality which is our common and inevitable lot, it would be strange—it would be sad—if the scene had awakened no other, no higher, emotion than that of gratified sense. Among the multiplied and varied memorials of grief and affection on which we have looked, how small the proportion of those which, in their char-

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\* The amount is already over nine hundred thousand dollars.

acter or their associations, seem unsuited to the place! If there be a fault, it is found mainly, I apprehend, in the too ambitious aspect and aims of some monuments,—and in an ostentatious expense not always controlled by the highest and purest taste. We would lay down no rigid rule. There have been instances in which obligations to the poor did not forbid the most costly anointing for the grave. How far, and in what direction it is right and proper to go in the construction and adornment of mortuary memorials and receptacles, are questions which each one must decide for himself. Let him do it, however, intelligently and conscientiously.

Sir Thomas Brown seems to have considered it as some evidence of man's nobleness, that he is "splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre." However we may regard this tendency of our nature, there can be no

question that it needs the constant check of good sense and good taste. The true philosophy which will make us comparatively indifferent to all sepulchral grandeur, is well expressed by the same quaint old author.

“To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, it is all one to lie in St. Innocent’s churchyard as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being forever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus.”

In the universal race for wealth, or, at least, for competence, with its countless vi-

cissitudes of fortune, there is one piece of property which is made sure to all. Would it not moderate ambition, console for disappointment, sustain in trouble, animate with higher hope, and prompt to nobler aims, if they who expect one day to lie down in some such ground as this, should make themselves familiar with contemplations like these?

“REAL ESTATE.”

“The pleasant grounds are greenly turfed and graded;

A sturdy porter waiteth at the gate;

The graceful avenues serenely shaded,

And curving paths are interlaced and braided

In many a maze around my fair estate.

“This is my freehold! Elms and fringy larches,

Maples, and pines, and stately firs of Norway,

Build round me their green pyramids and arches;

Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly marches

The owner's escort to his open door-way.

“No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapalus!—

Of all our wide dominions, soon or late,

Only a fathom's space can aught avail us;—

This is the heritage that shall not fail us:

Here man at last comes to his Real Estate.

“Secure to him and to his heirs forever!

Nor wealth nor want shall vex his spirit more;

Treasures of hope, and love, and high endeavor,

Follow their blest proprietor; but never

Could pomp or riches pass this little door.



“ Flatterers attend him. but alone he enters,—

Shakes off the dust of earth, no more to roam ;  
His trial ended—sealed his soul’s indentures,  
The wanderer, weary from his long adventures,  
Beholds the peace of his eternal home.

“ Lo ! more than life man’s great estate comprises !

While for the earthly corner of his mansion  
A little nook in shady time suffices.—  
The rain-bow pillared, heavenly roof arises  
Ethereal in limitless expansion !



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